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LIBEL

O N

Dr. D——NY,

And a certain Great LORD.

By Dr. SW——T,

Occasion'd by a certain EPISTLE.

To which is Added

- I. An Epistle to his Excellency *John* Lord *Carteret*, by Dr. D——ny
 - II. An Epistle on an Epistle; or a *Christmas* Box for Dr. D——ny.
 - III. Dr. *Sw——t's* Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People being a Burthen to their Parents or Country, and for making them beneficial to the Public.
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T O

Dr. D———N Y,
Occasion'd by an *Epistle* to—



Eluded Mortals, whom the *Great*
Chuse for Companions *tete à tete*,
Who at their Dinners, *en famille*
Get Leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then, boasting tell us where you din'd,
And, how his *Lordship* was so kind,
How many pleasant Things he spoke,
And, how you *laugh'd* at every *Joke*:
Swear, he's a most facetious Man,
That you and he are *Cup* and *Cann*:
You Travel with a heavy Load,
And quite mistake *Preferment's* Road.

Suppose my *Lord* and you alone;
Hint the least Int'rest of your own;
His Visage drops, he knits his Brow,
He cannot talk of Bus'ness now:
Or, mention but a vacant *Post*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toast*.
Nor could the nicest Artist Paint,
A Countenance with more Constraint.

For, as their Appetites to quench,
 Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;
 So, Men of Wit are but a kind
 Of Pandars to a vicious Mind,
 Who proper Objects must provide
 To gratify their Lust of Pride,
 When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
 They find an idle Hour to Prate.
 Then, shou'd you dare to ask a *Place*,
 You forfeit all your *Patron's* Grace,
 And disappoint the sole Design,
 For which he summon'd you to *Dine*.

Thus, *Congreve* spent, in writing Plays,
 And one poor Office, half his Days;
 While *Montague*, who claim'd the Station
 To be *Mecenas* of the Nation,
 For *Poets* open Table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they Slept.
 Himself, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
 Was easy, though they wanted Shoes;
 And, crazy *Congreve* scarce cou'd spare
 A Shilling to discharge his Chair,
 Till Prudence taught him to appeal
 From *Peas*'s Fire to *Party* Zeal;
 Not owing to his happy Vein
 The Fortunes of his latter Scene,
 Took proper *Principles* to thrive;
 And so might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.

Thus, *Steel* who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed Wit,

From

From Perils of a hundred Jayls,
Withdrew to starve, and dye in *Wales*.

Thus *Gay*, the *Hare* with many Friends,
Twice sev'n long Years the *Court* attends,
Who under Tales conveying Truth,
To Virtue form'd a *Princely* Youth:
Who pay'd his Courtship with the Croud,
As far as *Modest Pride* allow'd,
Rejects a servile *Usher's* Place,
And leaves *St. James's* in Disgrace.

Thus *Addison* by Lords caress't
Was left in Foreign Lands distress't,
Forgot at Home, became for Hire,
A trav'ling Tutor to a *Squire*;
But, wisely left the *Muses* Hill,
To Bus'ness shap'd the *Poet's* Quill,
Let all his barren Lawrels fade,
Took up himself the *Courtier's* Trade,
And, grown a *Minister of State*,
Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

Hail! happy *Pope*, whose gen'rous Mind,
Detesting all the Statesman Kind,
Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unseen,
Refus'd the Visits of a —;
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught
By *Sages*, *Priests*, or *Poets* taught;
Whose filial Piety excels
Whatever *Grecian* Story tells:

A Genius for all Stations fit,
 Whose *meanest Talent* is his *Wit* :
 His Heart too Great, though Fortune little,
 To Lick a *Rascal Statesman's* Spittle ;
 Appealing to the Nation's Taste,
 Above the Reach of Want it plac't :
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
 Which *Homer* never cou'd alive :
 And, sits aloft on *Pindus* Head,
 Despising *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread!

True *Politicians* only Pay
 For solid Work, but not for Play ;
 Nor ever chuse to Work with Tools
 Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *Journey-Men*, than you.
 At Table you can *Horace* quote ;
 They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote :
 You shew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
 But, they can manage *Whig* and *Tory* :
 You, as a *Critick*, are so curious
 To find a Verse in *Virgil* Spurious ;
 But, they can *snoak* the deep Designs,
 When *Bolingbroke* with *Pult'ney* Dines.

Besides ; your Patron may upbraid ye
 That you have got a Place already,
 An Office for your Talents fit,
 To Flatter, Carve, and shew your Wit ;
 To snuff the Lights, and stir the Fire,
 And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.

What

What Claim have you to *Place*, or *Pension*?
He overpays in Condescension.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Cou'd never Condescend so low;
The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend,
Wou'd, if he durst, be more your Friend;
Nor will in you those Gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has Virtue to retire,
He'll Grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better Station,
Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.

This may be true—submitting still
To *W*——'s more than *R*——Will.
And what Condition can be worse?
He comes to *drain a Begger's Purse*:
He comes to [tye our Chains on faster,
And shew us, *E*——d is our Master.
Caressing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his Traps,
Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps*?
The Offals of a *Church* distress't,
A hungry *Vicarage* at best;
Or, some remote inferior *Post*,
With forty Pounds a Year at most.

But, here again you interpose;
Your favourite *Lord* is none of those,
Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
And Characters to Dedications:

For

For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *Learning* none will call in Doubt;
 His *Learning*, tho' a *Poet* said it
 Before a Play, wou'd lose no Credit:
 Nor *Pope* wou'd dare deny him Wit,
 Altho' to praise it *Philips* writ.
 I own, he hates an Action base,
 His *Virtues* battling with his *Place*;
 Nor wants a nice discerning Spirit,
 Betwixt a true and spurious Merit;
 Can sometimes drop a *Voter's* Claim,
 And give up Party to his Fame.
 I do the most that *Friendship* can;
 I hate the *Vice-Roy*, love the Man.

But, You, who till your Fortune's made,
 Must be a Sweet'ner by your Trade,
 Shou'd swear he never meant us ill;
 We suffer sore against his Will:
 That, if we could but see his Heart,
 He wou'd have chose a milder Part;
 We rather should lament his Case,
 Who must obey, or lose his *Place*.

Since this Reflection slipt your Pen
 Insert it when you write agen:
 And, to illustrate it, produce
 This *Simile* for his Excuse.

" So, to destroy a guilty Land,
 " An *Angel* sent by *Heav'n's* Command,
 " While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
 " Perhaps, may feel *Compassion* still, " And

“ And wish the Task had been assign’d

“ To *Spirits* of less gentle kind.

But I, in *Politicks* grown old,
 Whose Thoughts are of a diff’rent Mold,
 Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate
 Both—and *Ministers* of *State*,
 Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,
 To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,
 Can lend you an Allusion fitter,
 Tho’ flatt’ring *Knaves* may call it bitter :
 Which if you durst but give it place,
 Would shew you many a *Statesman’s* Face.
 Fresh from the *Tripod* of *Apollo*,
 I had it in the Words that follow.
 (Take Notice, to avoid Offence
 I here except *His Excellence*.)

So, to effect his *M———’s* Ends,
 From *Hell* a *V——* D E V’L ascends,
 His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm’d,
 The Contributions of the damn’d;
 Which, with unsparing Hand, he strows
 Thro’ *Courts*, and *Senates*, as he goes ;
 And then at *Beelzebub’s Black-Hall*,
 Complains, his *Budget* was too small.

Your *Simile* may better shine
 In Verse ; but there is *Truth* in mine.
 For, no imaginable Things
 Can differ more than *GOD* and ——
 And *Statesmen* by ten thousand odds
 Are *ANGELS*, just as —— are *GODS*.



A N
E P I S T L E
TO His EXCELLENCY
JOHN *Ld.* CARTERET, &c.

*Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crassaq; turba rogat :*

Mart. Epig. Lib. 9.



H O U wise and learned Ruler of our Isle;
Whose Guardian Care can all her Griefs
beguile ;
When next your gen'rous Soul shall con-
descend,
T' Instruct, or entertain your humble Friend,
Whether retiring from your weighty Charge,
On some high Theme you learnedly enlarge ;
Of all the ways of Wisdom reason well,
How *Richlieu* rose, and how *Sejanus* fell,
Or when your Brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with *Swift* and some delighted Friends ;
When mixing Mirth and Wisdom with your Wine,
Like that your Wit shall flow, your Genius shine,
Nor with less Praise the Conversation guide,
Than in the publick Councils you decide :

Or

Or when the *Dean*, long privileg'd to rail,
 Asserts his Friend with more impetuous Zeal ;
 You hear, (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute)
 With soft Concessions shortning the Dispute ;
 Then close with kind Enquiries of my State,
 ' How arey our Tythes? and have they rose of late?
 ' Why, *Christ-Church* is a pretty Situation,
 ' There are not many better in the Nation !
 ' This, with your other *Things* must yield you clear
 ' Some fix—at least five hundred-Pounds a Year.

- Suppose at such a Time, I took the Freedom,
 To speak these Truths, as plainly as you read 'em,
 (You shall rejoin, my Lord, when I've replied,
 And, if you please, my Lady shall decide.)

My Lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well,
 And that I'm thankful, all the World can tell,
 But you'll forgive me, if I own th' Event
 Is short, is very short of your Intent ;
 At least I feel some Ills unfelt before,
 My Income less, and my Expences more.

How Doctor ! double Vicar ! double Rector !
 A Dignitary ! with a City Lecture——
 What Glebes——what Dues——what Tythes——
 what Fines——what Rent !
 Why Doctor——will you never be content ?

Would my good Lord but cast up the Account,
 And see to what my Revenues amount,
 My Titles ample ! but my Gains so small,
 That one good Vicarage is worth 'em all——
 And very wretched, sure, is he, that's double
 In nothing, but his Titles, and his Trouble.

Add to this crying Grievance, if you please,
 My Horses founder'd on *Fermanagh* Ways ;
 Ways of well-pollish'd, and well-pointed Stone ;
 Where every Step endangers every Bone ;

And more to raise your Pity, and your Wonder,
 Two Churches—twelve *Hibernian* Miles asunder!
 With complicated *Cures*, I labour hard in,
 Besides whole Summers absent from my Garden!
 But that the World would think I plaid the Fool,
 I'd Change with *Charly Grattan* for his School——
 What fine Cascades, what Vistas might I make,
 Fixt in the Center of th' *Iernian* Lake!
 There might I sail delighted, smooth, and safe,
 Beneath the Conduct of my good * Sir RALPH:
 There's not a better Steerer in the Realm;
 I hope, my Lord, you'll call him to the *Helm*——

Doctor——a glorious Scheme to ease your Grief!
 When *Cures* are cross, a Shool's a sure Relief.
 You cannot fail of being happy there,
 The Lake will be the *Lethe* of your Care:
 The Scheme is for your Honour and your Ease!
 And Doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
 Mean while, allowing Things—below your Merit,
 Yet Doctor, you've a philosophick Spirit;
 Your wants are few, and, like your Income, small,
 And you've enough to gratify 'em all:
 You've Trees, and Fruits, and Roots enough in store,
 And what would a Philosopher have more?
 You cannot wish for Coaches, Kitchens, Cooks——

—— My Lord, I've not enough to buy me Books——
 Or pray, suppose my Wants were all supplied,
 Are there no Wants I should regard beside?
 Whose Breast is so unman'd, as not to grieve,
 Compass'd with Miseries he can't relieve?
 Who can be happy—who would wish to live,
 And want the Godlike Happiness to give?
 (That I'm a Judge of this you must allow,
 I had it once——and am debarr'd it now)

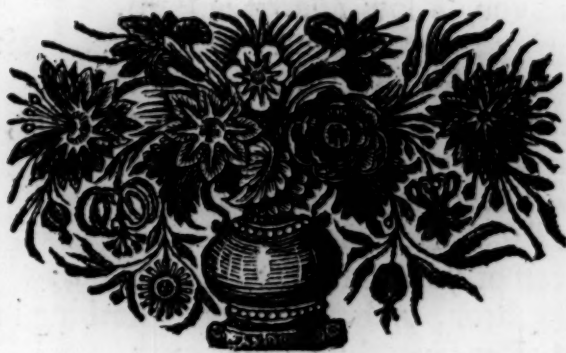
* Sir Ralph Gore, who has a Villa in the Lake of Erin:
 Ask

Ask your own Heart, my Lord, if this be true—
Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!

'Tis true—but, Doctor, let us wave all that—
Say, if you had your Wish, what you'd be at:

Excuse me, good my Lord—I won't be founded,
Nor shall your Favour by my Wants be bounded.
My Lord, I challenge nothing as my Due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to You.
Yet this might * *Symmachus* himself avow,
(Whose rigid Rules are antiquated now)
' My Lord, I'd wish—to pay the *Debts I owe*,—
' I'd wish besides—to build and to bestow.

* *Symmachus Bishop of Rome A. D. 499 made a Decree,*
that no Man should solicit for Ecclesiastical Preferment, before
the Death of the Incumbent.





An *Epistle* on an *Epistle*, &c.

— *Palatina Cultor facunde Minerva,
Ingenio fruevis qui propiore Dei.
Nam tibi nascentes DOMINI cognoscere Curas,
Et secreta DUCIS Pectora nosse licet.*

Mart. Lib. 5. Ep. 5.

AS *Jove* will not attend on less,
When Things of more Importance press,
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low *Hibernian* Bard,
Shou'd cool your Heels a while, and wait
Unanswer'd at your *Patron's* Gate;
And wou'd my Lord vouchsafe to grant,
This one, poor, humble Boon I want,
Free Leave to play his *Secretary*,
As *Falstaff* acted old King *Harry*;
I'd tell of yours in Rhyme and Print:
Folks shrug, and cry, There's nothing in't.
And after several Readings over,
It shines most in the Marble Cover.

How cou'd so fine a Taste dispense,
With mean Degrees of Wit and Sense?
Nor will my Lord so far beguile,
The *Wise* and *Learned* of our *Isle*;

To

To make it pass upon the Nation,
By Dint of his sole Approbation.
The Task is Arduous, Patrons find,
To warp the Sense of all Mankind :
Who think your Muse must first aspire;
’Ere he advance the Doctor higher.

You’ve Cause to say he *meant you well* :
That you are *thankful*, who can tell ?
For still you’re short (which grieves your Spirit
Of his Intent, you mean, your Merit.

Ah ! *Quanto rectius, Tu Adeptæ,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte ?

* *Smedley*, thou *Jonathan of Cloher*,
“ When thou thy humble Lays do’st offer,
“ To *G—f—n*’s Grace, with grateful Heart ;
“ Thy Thanks and Verse, devoid of Art ;
“ Content with what his Bounty gave,
“ No larger Income dost thou Crave.

But you must have Cascades, and all
Ierna’s Lake, for your Canal,
Your Vistos, Barges, and (A Pox on
All Pride) our *Speaker* for your Coxon :
It’s Pity that he can’t bestow you,
Twelve Commoners in Caps to Row you.
Thus *Edgar* proud, in Days of Yore,
Held Monarchs labouring at the Oar ;
And as he pass’d, so swell’d the *Dec*
Inrag’d, as *Ern* would do at thee.

How different is this from *Smedley* ?
(His Name is up, he may in Bed lye)
“ Who only asks some pretty Cure,
“ In wholesome Soil, and Æther Pure ;

“ No

* Vid. *Smedley*’s Petition to his Grace the D—ke of
G—f—n, 1724.

" The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
 " In either Angle shady Bowers :
 " No gay Parterre with costly Green,
 " Must in the Ambient Hedge be seen ;
 " But Nature freely takes her Course,
 " Nor fears from him ungrateful Force :
 " No Sheers to check her sprouting Vigour,
 " Or shape the *Yews* to Antick Figure.

But you forsooth, your *All* must squander,
 On that poor Spot, call'd *Del-Ville*, yonder :
 And when you've been at vast Expences
 In Whims, Parterres, Canals and Fences :
 Your Assets fail, and Cash is wanting
 For farther Buildings, farther Planting.
 No wonder when you raise and level,
 Think this Wall low, and that Wall bevel ;
 Here a convenient Box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the Ground ;
 Then Built, then took up with your Arbour,
 And set the House to *R—p—t B—b—r*,
 You sprung an Arch, which in a Scurvy
 Humour, you tumbled Topsy Turvy.
 You change a Circle to a Square,
 Then to a Circle, as you were ;
 Who can imagine whence the Fund is,
 That you *Quadrata* change *Rotundis* ?

To *Fame* a Temple you Erect,
 A Flora does the Dome protect ;
 Mounts, Walls, on high ; and in a Hollow
 You place the *Muses* and *Apollo* ;
 There shining midst his Train, to Grace
 Your Whimsical, Poetick Place.

These Stories were, of old, design'd,
 As Fables ; but you have refin'd
 The Poets Mythologick Dreams,
 To real *Muses*, Gods, and Streams.

Who

Who wou'd not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're *Don Quixote Redivivus*?

Beneath a dry Canal there lies,
Which only *Winter's* Rain supplies.
Oh! cou'd'st thou, by some Magick Spell,
Hither convey St. *Patrick's Well*;
Here may it re-assume its Stream,
And take a Greater *Patrick's* Name.

If your Expences rise so high,
What Income can your Wants supply?
Yet still you fancy you inherit
A Fund of such Superior Merit,
That you can't fail of more Provision,
All by my *Lady's* kind Decision.
For the more Livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a Bishop:
That cou'd not be *my Lord's Intent*,
Nor can it *answer in the Event*.
Most think what has been heap'd on You,
To other sort of Folk was due:
Rewards too great for your Flim-Flams,
Epistles, Riddles, Epigrams.

Tho' now your Depth must not be founded,
The Time was, when you'd have compounded
For less than *Charly Grattan's* School:
Five hundred Pound a Year's no Fool.

Take this Advice then from your Friend,
To your Ambition put an End.
Be frugal *Patt*: pay what you owe,
Before you *Build* and you *Bestow*.

Be Modest ; nor Address your Betters
With writing Vain, Familiar Letters.

* A Passage, may be found, I've heard,
In some old *Greek* or *Latin* Bard,
Which says, Wou'd Crows in Silence eat
Their Offals, or their better Meat,
Their generous Feeders not provoking,
By loud and unharmonious Croaking :
They might, unhurt by Envy's Claws,
Live on, and Stuff, to boot, their Maws.

* Vid. Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. 17.





A MODEST
PROPOSAL

For preventing the Children of poor People in Ireland, from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Publick.

By Dr. Sw——t.

IT is a melancholly Object to those, who walk through this great Town or travel in the Country, when they see the Streets, the Roads and Cabbin-Doors crowded with Beggars of the Female Sex, followed by three, four, or six Children, *all in Rags*, and importuning every

very Passenger for an Alms. These *Mothers* instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in Strolling to beg Sustenance for their *helpless Infants*, who, as they grow up, either turn *Thieves* for want of work, or leave their *dear Native Country*, to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the *Barbadoes*.

I think it is agreed by all Parties, that this prodigious number of Children in the Arms, or on the Backs, or at the heels of their *Mothers*, and frequently of their *Fathers*, is in the present deplorable state of the Kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these Children sound and useful Members of the common-wealth would deserve so well of the publick, as to have his Statue set up for a preserver of the Nation.

But my Intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the Children of *professed Beggars*, it is of a much greater Extent, and shall take in the whole Number of Infants at a certain Age, who are born of Parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our Charity in the Streets.

As to my own part, having turned my Thoughts, for many Years, upon this important Subject, and maturely weighed the several *Schemes for no Projectors*, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a Child just dropt from it's Dam, may be supported by her Milk, for a Solar Year with little other Nourishment, at most not above the
Value

Value of two Shillings, which the Mother may certainly get, or the Value in *Scraps*, by her lawful Occupation of Begging; and it is exactly at one Year Old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a Charge upon their *Parents*, or the *Parish*, or *wanting Food and Raiment* for the rest of their Lives, they shall, on the Contrary, contribute to the Feeding and partly to the Cloathing of many Thousands.

There is likewise another great Advantage in my Scheme, that it will prevent those *voluntary Abortions*, and that horrid practice of *Women murdering their Bastard Children*, alas! too frequent among us, Sacrificing the *poor innocent Babes*, I doubt, more to avoid the Expence than the Shame, which would move Tears and Pity in the most Savage and inhuman breast.

The number of Souls in this Kingdom being usually reckoned one Million and a half, Of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand Couple whose Wives are Breeders; from which number I subtract thirty Thousand Couples, who are able to maintain their own Children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under *the present Distresses of the Kingdom*; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand Breeders. I again Subtract fifty Thousand, for those Women who miscarry, or whose Children die by accident, or disease within the Year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thousand Children of poor Parents annually born: The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared, and provided

provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present Situation of Affairs, is utterly impossible by all the Methods hitherto proposed; for we can *neither employ them in Handicraft or Agriculture*; we neither build Houses, (I mean in the Country) nor cultivate Land: They can very seldom pick up a Livelyhood *by Stealing* till they arrive at six years Old; except where they are of towardly parts; although, I confess, they learn the Rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as *Probationers*; as I have been informed by a principal Gentleman in the County of *Cavan*, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two Instances under the Age of six, even in a part of the Kingdom so renowned for the *quickest proficiency in that Art*.

I am assured by our Merchants, that a Boy or a Girl before twelve years Old, is no saleable Commodity, and even when they come to this Age, they will not yield above three Pounds, or three Pounds and half a Crown at most, on the Exchange; which cannot turn to Account either to the Parents or Kingdom, the Charge of Nutriment and Rags having been at least four times that Value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own Thoughts, which I hope will not be lyable to the least Objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing *American* of my acquaintance in *London*, that a young healthy Child well Nursed is at a year Old a most delicious nourishing and wholesome Food,
whether

whether *Stewed, Roasted, Baked, or Boiled*; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a *Fricasie*, or a *Ragoust*.

I do therefore humbly offer it to *publick consideration*, that of the Hundred and twenty thousand Children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for Breed, whereof only one fourth part to be Males; which is more than we allow to *Sheep, black Cattle, or Swine*, and my Reason is, that these Children are seldom the Fruits of Marriage, a *Circumstance not much regarded by our Savages*, therefore, one Male will be sufficient to serve four Females. That the remaining Hundred thousand may at a year Old be offered in Sale to the *Persons of Quality and Fortune*, through the Kingdom, always advising the Mother to let them Suck plentifully in the last Month, so as to render them Plump, and Fat for a good Table. A Child will make two Dishes at an Entertainment for Friends, and when the Family dines alone, the fore or hind Quarter will make a reasonable Dish, and seasoned with a little Pepper or Salt will be very good Boiled on the fourth Day, especially in *Winter*.

I have reckoned upon a Medium, that a Child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar Year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 Pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for *Landlords*, who, as they have already devoured most of the Parents seem to have the best Title to the Children.

Infant

Infant's flesh will be in Season throughout the Year, but more plentiful in *March*, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave Author an eminent *French* Physician, that *Fish being a prolifick Dyet*, there are more Children born in *Roman Catholick Countries* about nine Months after *Lent*, than at any other Season; therefore reckoning a Year after *Lent*, the Markets will be more glutted than usual, because the Number of *Popish Infants*, is at least three to one in this Kingdom, and therefore it will have one other Collateral advantage, by lessening the Number of *Papists* among us.

I have already computed the Charge of nursing a Begger's Child (in which list I reckon all *Cottagers, Labourers*, and four fifths of the *Farmers*) to be about two Shillings *per Annum*, Rags included; and I believe no Gentleman would repine to give Ten Shillings for the *Carcass of a good fat Child*, which, as I have said will make four Dishes of excellent Nutritive Meat, when he hath only some particular Friend, or his own Family to Dine with him. Thus the Squire will learn to be a good Landlord, and grow popular among his Tenants, the Mother will have Eight Shillings neat profit, and be fit for Work till she produces another Child.

Those who are more thrifty (*as I must confess the Times require*) may flea the Carcass; the Skin of which, Artificially dressed, will make admirable *Gloves for Ladies*, and *Summer Boots for fine Gentlemen*.

As

As to our City of *Dublin*, Shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient parts of it, and Butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the Children alive, and dressing them hot from the Knife, as we do *roasting Pigs*.

A very worthy Person, a true Lover of his Country, and whose Virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my Scheme. He said, that many Gentlemen of this Kingdom, having of late destroyed their Deer, he conceived that the want of Venison might be well supply'd by the Bodies of young Lads and Maidens, not exceeding fourteen Years of Age, nor under twelve; so great a Number of both Sexes in every Country being now ready to Starve, for want of Work and Service: And these to be disposed of by their Parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest Relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend, and so deserving a Patriot, I cannot be altogether in his Sentiments; for as to the Males, my *American* acquaintance assured me from frequent Experience, that their flesh was generally Tough and Lean, like that of our School-boys, by continual exercise, and their Taste disagreeable, and to Fatten them would not answer the Charge. Then as to the Females, it would, I think with humble Submission, *be a loss to the Publick*, because they soon would become Breeders themselves: And besides it is not improbable that some scrupulous People might be apt to Censure such a Practice, (although indeed ve-

ry unjustly) as a little bordering upon Cruelty, which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any Project, how well so ever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed, that this expedient was put into his Head by the famous *Sallmanaazor*, a Native of the Island *Formosa*, who came from thence to *London*, above twenty Years ago, and in Conversation told my Friend, that in his Country when any young Person happened to be put to Death, the Executioner sold the Carcass to *Persons of Quality*, as a prime Dainty, and that, in his Time, the Body of a plump Girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to Poison the Emperor, was sold to his Imperial Majesty's *prime Minister of State*, and other great *Mandarins* of the Court, *in Joints from the Gibbet*, at four hundred Crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same Use were made of several plump young Girls in this Town, who, without one single Groat to their Fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a Chair, and appear at a *Play-House*, and *Assemblies* in Foreign fineries, which they never will pay for; the Kingdom would not be the worse.

Some Persons of a desponding Spirit are in great concern about that vast Number of poor People, who are Aged, Diseased, or Maimed, and I have been desired to imploy my Thoughts what Course may be taken, to ease the Nation of so grievous an Incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known, that they are every Day
dying,

dying, and rotting, by cold and famine, and filth, and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the younger Labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a Condition. They cannot get Work, and consequently pine away for want of Nourishment, to a degree, that if at any Time they are accidentally hired to common Labour, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the Country and themselves are happily delivered from the Evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my Subject, I think the Advantages by the Proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest Importance.

For *First*, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the Number of Papists, with whom we are Yearly over-run, being the principal Breeders of the Nation, as well as our most dangerous Enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a Design to deliver the Kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their Advantage by the Absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their Country, than stay at home, and pay Tithes against their Conscience, to an Episcopal Curate.

Secondly, The poorer Tenants will have something valuable of their own which by Law may be made lyable to Distress, and help to pay their Landlord's Rent, their Corn and Cattle being already seized, and Money a Thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the Maintenance of an hundred thousand Children, from two Years old, and upwards, cannot be computed at less than

Ten Shillings a piece *per Annum*, the Nation's Stock will be thereby encreased fifty thousand Pounds *per Annum*, besides the Profit of a new Dish, introduced to the Tables of all *Gentlemen of Fortune* in the Kingdom, who have any Refinement in Taste, and the Money will circulate among our Selves, the Goods being entirely of our own Growth and Manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant Breeders, besides the gain of eight Shillings Ster. *per Annum*, by the Sale of their Children, will be rid of the Charge of maintaining them after the first Year.

Fifthly, This Food would likewise bring great Custom to Taverns, where the Vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best Receipts for dressing it to Perfection; and consequently have their Houses frequented by all the *fine Gentlemen*, who justly value themselves upon their Knowledge in good Eating; and a skillful Cook, who understands how to oblige his Guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great Inducement to Marriage, which all wise Nations have either encouraged by Rewards, or enforced by Laws and Penalties. It would encrease the Care and Tenderneſs of Mothers towards their Children, when they were ſure of a Settlement for Life, to the poor Babes, provided in ſome ſort by the Publick, to their Annual Profit inſtead of Expence; we ſhould ſoon ſee an honeſt Emulation among the married Women, *which of them could bring the fatteſt Child to the Market*. Men would become as fond of their Wives, during the Time
of

of their Pregnancy, as they are now of their *Mares* in Foal, their *Cows* in Calf, or *Sows* when they are ready to farrow, nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a Practice) for fear of a Miscarriage.

Many other Advantages might be enumerated. For Instance, the Addition of some thousand Carcasses in our Exportation of Barrell'd Beef: The Propagation of *Swines Flesh*, and Improvement in the Art of making good *Bacon*, so much wanted among us by the great Destruction of *Pigs*, too frequent at our Tables, which are no way comparable in Taste, or Magnificence to a well grown, fat Yearly Child, which roasted whole will make a considerable Figure at a *Lord Mayor's Feast*, or any other Publick Entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of Brevity.

Supposing that one thousand Families in this City, would be constant Customers for Infants Flesh, besides others who might have it at merry Meetings, particularly at *Weddings* and *Christenings*, I compute that *Dublin* would take off Annually about twenty thousand Carcases, and the rest of the Kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty Thousand.

I can think of no one Objection, that will possibly be raised against this Proposal, unless it should be urged, that the Number of People will be thereby much lessened in the Kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal Design in offering it to the World. I desire the Reader will observe, that I calculate my

my Remedy for this one individual Kingdom of IRELAND, and for no Other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no Man talk to me of other Expedients: Of taxing our Absentees at five Shillings a Pound: Of using neither Cloaths, nor Household Furniture, except what is of our own Growth and Manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the Materials and Instruments that promote Foreign Luxury: Of curing the Expensiveness of Pride, Vanity, Idleness, and Gaming in our Women: Of introducing a Vein of Parsimony, Prudence and Temperance: Of learning to love our Country, wherein we differ even from LAPLANDERS, and the Inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO: Of quitting our Animosities, and Factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very Moment their City was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our Country and Consciences for nothing: Of teaching Landlords to have at least one Degree of Mercy towards their Tenants. Lastly, Of putting a Spirit of Honesty, Industry, and Skill into our Shopkeepers, who, if a Resolution could now be taken to buy only our Native Goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the Price, the Measure, and the Goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair Proposal of just Dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no Man talk to me of these and the like Expedients, till he hath at least some Glimpse of Hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere Attempt to put them in Practice.

But

But as to my self, having been wearied out for many Years with offering vain, idle, visionary Thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of Success, I fortunately fell upon this Proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something Solid and Real, of no Expence and little Trouble, full in our own Power, and whereby we can incur no Danger in *disobliging ENGLAND*. For this kind of Commodity will not bear Exportation, the Flesh being of too tender a Consistence, to admit a long Continuance in Salt, *although perhaps I cou'd name a Country, which would be glad to eat up our whole Nation without it.*

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own Opinion, as to reject any Offer, proposed by wise Men, which shall be found equally Innocent, Cheap, Easy, and Effectual. But before something of that Kind shall be advanced in Contradiction to my Scheme, and offering a better, I desire the Author or Authors, will be pleased maturely to consider two Points. *First*, As Things now stand, how they will be able to find Food and Raiment for a hundred Thousand useless Mouths and Backs. And *Secondly*, There being a round Million of Creatures in Humane Figure, throughout this Kingdom, whose whole Subsistence put into a common Stock, would leave them in Debt two Millions of Pounds *Ster.* adding those, who are Beggars by Profession, to the Bulk of Farmers, Cottagers and Labourers, with their Wives and Children, who are Beggars in Effect; I desire those Politicians, who dislike my Overture, and may perhaps be so bold to attempt an Answer, that they will first
ask

ask the Parents of these Mortals, Whether they would not at this Day think it a great Happiness to have been sold for Food at a Year Old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual Scene of Misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the *Oppression of Land-lords*, the Impossibility of paying Rent without Money or Trade, the Want of common Sustenance, with neither House nor Cloaths to cover them from the Inclemencies of Weather, and the most inevitable Prospect of intailing the like, or greater Miseries, upon their Breed for ever.

I profess in the Sincerity of my Heart, that I have not the least Personal Interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary Work, having no other Motive than the *Publick Good of my Country*, by *advancing our Trade*, *providing for Infants*, *relieving the Poor*, and *giving some Pleasure to the Rich*. I have no Children, by which I can propose to get a single Penny; the youngest being nine Years Old, and my Wife past Child-bearing.

F I N I S.